

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1891. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers.
No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

Price 50 Cts. A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 5232.
Single Number 5 Cents.

SUNSHINE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Our griefs are soon forgot;
They were and they are not,
And the happy-hearted world little cares for
Vanished pains:
But we fill the cup of pleasure
To so deep and brimming measure
That the whole overflowing fragrance all our
Being stains.

From perils dark and frightful
Come memories delightful,
From the granite cliffs of trouble golden grains
Of promise won;
Through life's midnight we grope
Unto many a starry hope,
And the deepest, drearest shadow is prophetic
Of the sun.

In passionate ebb and flow
The sunken waves of woe
Gushing on us in a torrent sweep our warm
Hearts bare of love,
But on the deepest tide
The ark of hope will ride,
And an earth green through the deluge greets
The white wings of our dove.

With tender lips, relief
Stilles down the pang of grief,
On a mist of falling tear-drops in the bow of
Promise built;
And the cruel hand of death
Unto Eden opens,
Heaven drinks the rich, rare wine of life from
Earth's rent goblet spilt.

Laps in a sunny dream
We float down life's stream,
Though the chilling winter winds blow across a
Dimid wold;
Summer fancies swim and dart
Through the sunshine of the heart,
While the world without us shivers in the bleak
Embracing cold.

PHILIP MORTON:

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "The Secret," "The
Quaker Partisan," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1866, by Henry Peterson & Co. In the office of
the Clerk of the District Court of the United States
and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER IV.

Somewhere about the middle of the last chap-
ter, I left the Chippawa who had secured the
canoe to the root, just rising to leave the
water.

At the report of the rifle, however, and the
first roll of the Delaware, instead of carrying
out his first intention, he dropped down again
below the bank, and thereby came to grief.

For while he was peering watchfully over the
edge of the bank, without any suspicion of en-
emy near to him than those on the shore, his
skull was suddenly seized beneath the water
and jerked from under him, bringing him down
upon his back with a splash, which, however,
the hobnob, started no attention. He had no
time, even to utter an exclamation, for as he
struck the water, his heels were tilted up in a
manner that sent his head helplessly beneath
the surface and absorbed all his attention in the
one effort to get it up again.

He kicked furiously, to free his ankles from
his unknown assailant, and made desperate ef-
forts to double himself forward so as to raise his
head, but the Delaware, as soon as they had
secured him, emerged fearlessly from their
hiding place, trusting that those on shore had
their attention too fully taken up to notice them,
and, keeping a firm hold upon their victim,
straightened themselves up and raised his feet
into the air, and then deliberately held them
there, despite the drowning man's prodigious
struggles.

These soon grew fainter, his muscles gradu-
ally relaxed, and in a moment more he lay by
the feet, a dead weight in the hands of his
slaves.

Dragging him under the tree to secure him
until his scalp could be taken at leisure, the
two Delaware quietly unmoored the canoe and
then wading cautiously, towed them a few
rods down the stream and secured them beneath
some bushes which overhung the shore.

They then immediately made their way around
through the trees to where the fight was going
on, coming in at the rear of their own party. A
hasty word to Diabana and Eli apprised them
of the removal of the canoe, and was followed
at the same moment by the heading risk of the
Chippawa to the water's edge, as stated before.
When they discovered that the canoe were
gone, they stood for one instant in blank
stare, and then, as if by common impulse, darted

forward, plunged into the rapid stream and
struck boldly out into the darkness. The Dela-
ware were about to follow, but were recalled by
the voice of Storm Cloud, and came back,
rather reluctantly to the shore.

"It is enough," said the chief, "the Chippa-
wa are much-ran and have taken to the water.
Let them go, and let my young men bring their
canoes, and we will go over to the black house
across the river; some of my young men have
been hurt by the rain's teeth, and I wish the
medicine-man of the Sagoyah to heal them."

This was true enough; none of the Delaware
had been killed, but three of them had been
wounded, one slightly, the other two quite
sharply enough to require looking after.

"That's right, chief," said Eli, who had been
examining the hurts of the two men as well as
he could in the dark, "the sooner they're seen
a'ter the better. Wild Cat here's got an ugly
dip in the thigh that's bleedin' a good deal
faster 'n I like."

Philip, who had risen to his feet the moment
he was free, sprang towards the spot instantly,
suspecting the state of the case from Eli's
words.

The latter was upon one knee, sustaining the
head and shoulders of a young Delaware who
lay in his arms, and from the hollow of whose
thigh a bright scarlet stream was spouting in
jets, as if driven by a force-pump.

"The femoral artery has been cut," said
Philip, stooping down and pressing his two
thumbs forcibly upon the thigh, "at above the
wound; 'get me a large pebble somebody—one
about as big as a walnut."

After a few moments' groping about the beach
in the dark, Storm Cloud, saying:
"We can't find no pebble, sa; by'a's a fat
man'd I search in de water."

"That will do," said Philip, "now Eli, just
hold it here where my thumb's at, and keep it
pressed down hard enough to stop the blood if
you can."

Fortunately Philip still retained enough of his
civilized habits to carry with him a pocket
handkerchief, one of the large, comfortable kind,
of strong silk, such as we occasionally see even
now in elderly men who have not given in to
the white cambric napkin which has succeeded
it, drawing this from his pocket he folded it
quickly, and by the aid of the shell and one of
his pistols, used as a wrench, made an extem-
porary tourniquet which temporarily checked the
flow of blood.

In the few moments since he had received the
wound—for the whole skirmish, long as I have
been compelled to take in describing it, did not
last more than three or four minutes—Wild Cat
had lost so much blood that he had fainted, and
was indeed almost in the last stage of exhaus-
tion; for it takes a severed femoral artery but
a few minutes, if not stopped, to pump the life out
of the strongest man.

By the time Philip had secured his extem-
porary tourniquet, the canoe had been brought
to the shore again, and were awaiting their pas-
sengers.

Wild Cat was raised slowly and carefully,
carried to the beach and laid in the bottom of the
largest canoe.

The second wounded Indian, whose hurt was
slight, bound some leaves over it with his belt,
and walked to another canoe; the third,
who had been partially stunned by the stroke of
a tomahawk which had turned in its owner's
hand, and instead of spinning the skull had
glanced, detaching a portion of the scalp and
half the right ear, had recovered his faculties,
though still a little dizzy, and walked to the
beach without assistance.

There was a slight delay among the other In-
dians while Philip understood, as he stood by
the canoe waiting, with his face averted from
them.

Presently they filed silently down to the beach
and entered the canoe, with the fresh scalp of
their dead enemies hanging at their girdles. He
felt sickened, for it was the first time he had
seen one of those ghastly trophies, but he knew
there would be no use in saying anything in
opposition to what was one of the most deeply-
rooted customs of the race to which his savage
friends belonged.

As the canoe glided over the water, Eli,
who was in the same one with Philip, and
had noticed his look of disgust, whispered to him—

"It's Injin natur, Master Philip; the brave
'nd he' think themselves disgraced if they'd
go off without them skulls, as much as a
white soper, if he'd throw 'em away his colors.
An' now we've got to thank 'em that our skulls
hain't a-travelin' away at the girdles of them
Chippawa wretches. We'd 'a' been in a some-
whated difficulty, if they'd got to the shanty
about Sagoyah did."

"You took some yourself, Eli?" said the
young man.

"Sartinly not. I hain't turned Injin yet. I
kill 'em o' the varmints with as little concern
as anybody, if it's to be done, but when I've
killed him, I let him lay. You an' me's the
only men here that hain't got no voucher for a dead
Chippawa."

"You and I, only?" exclaimed Philip, speak-
ing in his surprise, rather louder than was pro-
per, for his mind instantly reverted to Storm.
"No," said the old man, still speaking in a
whisper, "you, I seen the nigger a-tryin' his hand,
an' 'aggle' work he made of it."

"I'll haggle him," said Philip, between his
clenched teeth, "if he ever tries such a thing
again."

Now was in another canoe, so that Morton
could not speak to him then, but when they
reached the opposite shore, he approached him,
and said sternly:

"You, you've begun to play savage already,
have you? Throw that scalp into the water."
"Gosh! Ma'r Philip," said Storm, in surprise,
"how you know I got any scalp?"

"Throw it away at once!" said Morton sharply.
"Do you hear me?"

Now reluctantly drew forth the reeking trophy
from his pocket, suspecting that his
master would not altogether approve of his ac-
quisition, he had thrust it in for concealment, and
threw it into the river, muttering to himself,
"Tonight we was all Injin now, Ma'r Philip's
mighty curious. Who gins to b'leeb ole Storm
kill an Injin when he hain't got no dockments
to prove it?"

The party now prepared to move towards the
black house. The two empty canoes were lifted
from the water and covered among the bushes
on the shore, while the one containing Wild Cat,
too weak to move hand or foot, though he had
recovered from his swoon, was raised on the
shoulders of three of the other Delaware, and
they moved forward slowly to avoid jolting their
burden.

The first gray of the dawn had begun to steal
over the sky as they started, and by the time
they arrived near the black house, but still
within the woods, it was light enough to see,
though not yet very distinctly.

Near the edge of the clearing in which the
building stood, Eli, who was in advance, made a
sign to them to halt, and said to Diabana:

"Let the Delaware wait here in the cover
'till me and the Short-Gun goes up to the black
house; they must 'a' heard the fire on 't'other side,
an' they'll be all over 'till we on the first Injin
they see for the dumb fools don't know a Dela-
ware in his pail from a Huron or an Ironcure."
Diabana merely answered, "It is good," and
motioned to the bearers of the canoe to set it down,
and Eli and Philip left their covert together and
walked towards the black-house.

Approaching in the dim morning twilight, they
were greeted by the savage bark of several bull
dogs, and immediately after by the challenge of
a sentry at one of the loopholes. After some
little parley the gate was cautiously opened wide
enough to allow them to pass within the palisade,
where, they found the place crowded with
the inhabitants of the settlement, who had been
taken themselves to the black-house at the first
alarm.

Morton being explained to the commandant,
Eli, by his direction, brought the Indians into
the building, where the wounded men were at
once placed under the hands of a surgeon, who
had strayed out to this wild place, and in whom
Philip, after a bewildered stare, recognized—
Storm!

A warm grasp of the hand and a word of
greeting were all that time permitted, then, for
the wounded men, Wild Cat, particularly, re-
quired instant attention.

A few minutes, under the skillful hands of the
surgeon, left the Indian, with the artery nearly
taken up, and his life safe, if his system had
energy enough left to rally.

Giving directions that he should be kept per-
fectly quiet, and himself called if anything should
appear to be necessary, and having dressed the
wounds of the other two, he resumed Philip,
who, with Eli and Storm Cloud, he found in
consultation with the commandant of the black-
house.

The last looked anxious and dispirited at the
news he had heard.

"Are you sure," he said to Eli, "that there
are no more within reach? It will be a bad busi-
ness if they attack us with my fellow just now.
I have but twenty-five fighting men, all told, and
three of them have been out hunting ever since
yesterday morning. Besides, you see how many
women and children there are here?"

"How are you off for provisions?" inquired
Morton.

"Not too well off, we were getting short was
the reason those three went out to hunt. I'm
sorry they're been out so long."
"I reckon not," said Eli, "Storm-Cloud's been
on the trail, an' didn't see no sign of any 'cept
this one party, last night on the right side of the
river, an' they was a'ter me in particular, how-
ever, you'd better send out a party to fetch in
the cattle an' horses, if they kin catch 'em;
with them, an' plenty of water in the spring here,
we can stand on a siege if there is a party out
an' they come at us."

This suggestion was acted upon at once, and,
in the evening of the day, some forty head of
cattle and a dozen horses were brought in and
housed in stalls which had been provided with
a view to some such emergency as this.

By the time this was off, old night was again
approaching, and still the hunters had not come in.
The commandant, with Eli and Storm Cloud,
watched for them at the palisade 'till it grew
too dark to see, and then giving the doubtful
sentinel order to fire on us we could they had
called him, retired with his companions into the
black-house.

As the evening wore away, the commandant
became still more anxious, and said to Eli:

"They certainly would have got in before this
time if nothing has happened to them!"

"Maybe they've sighted the settlers fast if
there's any of 'em out, an' are watchin' their mo-
tions," said Eli, "what do you say, Diabana?"
he asked, turning to the chief, who had been
standing silent and motionless near them. "do
you think they're took?"

"Um ole warrior? Know Injin?" asked Dia-
bana.

"Yes," said the commandant, "they're the
three best scouts in the garrison."

"Maybe had long trail to find game. Garrison
drum, drum, blow horn, shoot so much for
so'n't, show game far off; spile huntin' ground."

"That may be," said the commandant, some-
what relieved, for though the game idea had
occurred to him, he had unconsciously lost sight
of it in his anxiety, and it was a consolation to
have it brought up again by one whose opinion
was entitled to weight; "that may be; if it is
so they will certainly be in to-morrow, game or
no game; Eli says you didn't see signs of any
but the party that attacked you across the river."

"No, didn't see none, dat no sign; can't see
best side river at once, an' Injin on war-path
didn't tell where he be, nor when he gins to
strike."

"Four of the gang you fought last night got
away, I believe."

"Yes; dat bad, but couldn't help; too dark to
chase 'em; if any more Injin in woods dey know
where we come."

"You hear what he says, Eli," said the com-
mandant, "what do you think?"

"I think he's right," said Eli; "I've no doubt
these Injin devils was somewhere among the
bushes waitin' us as we—"

"Hut! Hut!" interrupted Diabana, raising
his finger.

"What is it, Storm Cloud?" said Eli, placing
his hand behind his ear.

"I heard nothing," said the commandant.

"Hark!" exclaimed Eli, "there it is again,"
as a faint quivering sound was heard in the
forest, which might have been mistaken for the
rattle of a distant powder.

"I heard it then," said the commandant.

"It sounded to me like a wolf or panther."

"Ironcure!" said Storm Cloud, briefly, "got
prisoner."

"I believe you're right, chief," said Eli; "they
must have got one or maybe all the hunters."

"That will be a long distance off."

"Yes," said Eli, "but nobody knows how
many of the concealed varmints lurk in
within rifle shot of the palisade, though. If
Storm Cloud an' me was out on the river now, we
must paddle up quickly an' find out something
about 'em."

"That would only risk putting ourselves in
the same position as a poor man."

"Not much risk," said Eli, "if we was only
fairly out on the water. The big canoe's here
in the black, but if we undertake to carry it
across to the water, we can't dodge the sharp
eyes of the scouts if there's any of 'em out-
side."

"The canoe! I had forgotten it!" exclaimed
the commandant. "we can manage it easily
now."

"How?"

"There's an underground passage from the
black-house," said he, in a whisper, "opening
into the river, large enough to take the canoe
through; the water comes about one-third of the
way up, deep enough to float it, and the opening
at the water's edge is covered by bushes that
hide it entirely; you can go out that way."

"That will do," said Eli; and then communi-
cating his plan to Diabana, the canoe was
brought and carried into the passage until the
water was reached, and the two men, fully armed,
and with some provisions to use their only
should be long, departed on their dangerous re-
sult.

CHAPTER V.

After Eli and Diabana had left the black-
house, the two friends had withdrawn into the
doctor's apartment, a little room about seven
by eight feet, partitioned off from the rest of the
building, and set down to have a little quiet talk.

"Impudent," said the doctor, (there were no
Temperance Societies in those days,) "have you
learned to drink corn whiskey since you left
home? I can't say much for any quality in it
except strength, of which it has enough and to
spare. But wine has not travelled out this way
yet, and I've nothing better to offer you; I'm
going to the store to get some, and heading him a
tin cup and a small jug filled with the berry
essence."

"Oh, yes, I've learned that, perhaps, for
there's nothing else to be had," said Philip,
pouring out a moderate of the liquor, qualifying
it with water, and drinking it without any of the
quaking that would offend me, should I venture
to take so much of the drug and bedeviled
stuff that rejoices in the same name."

"Sounded," said he to Storm, after slugging
his throat, for the liquor, though pure and some-
what weakened by water, was as hot as fire.
"What has induced the learned London physi-
cian to furnish his inventive penitence, and send
himself here among these very unscientific
patients?"

"Why, the lucrative promise was so very
much in future, that it required a powerful stim-
ulant to see it at all. The chief I had named
on top of my back once became glory with them,
and began to look unpleasantly suggestive; the

bottles in the case were covered with unde-
scribed duns, and the spiders had taken posses-
sion of them as fixtures that were not to be
moved, and I was beginning to get the horrors,
living so much in such pleasant company, with
nothing to vary the monotony. So, being
offered the post of surgeon in a regiment
dred to the Colonies, I accepted it, partly in
the hope of meeting you, and partly, because it
gave me a prospect of doing something."

"We had a capital moon, very pleasant fel-
lows, and for a year or so I enjoyed it very well,
and had enough work to do besides to keep me
from getting rusty. But, by that time, I began
to feel restless again, and having heard a good
deal of the wild life on the border, I concluded
to try it. Colonel Wharton, our commandant,
who was ordered to this post, had taken a fancy
to me, and when I offered to accompany him, at
once made arrangements to have me attached to his
force."

"We came out together, about six months
ago, and I've been here ever since, among a
people so outrageously healthy, and with such
a wholesome dread of 'doctor's stuff' that I've
had, literally, nothing at all to do in a profes-
sional way, except three or four times to help
their wives when they were in some little trouble.
That's all my story; and now for your turn;
what has brought you out here to the middle of
no-where, in this outlandish rig, and among
these outlandish people?"

Philip Morton's brow grew dark and gloomy,
and he remained silent, with compressed lips,
for a moment.

Water looked at him in surprise, and then
said, kindly, "Never mind, Phil, if it pains you
to think of it, let us talk of something else."

"It is not a very long story, Storm," replied
Morton, "now is it a very pleasant one; but you
are the only friend I have here to whom I could
tell it, and I have been wondering over it so long,
that I feel as though it would be a relief to me
to talk about it for once."

"You know we called for Boston when I left
England with my regiment, two years ago."

"I won't tire you with my description of the
voyage, as you have made it for yourself; but you
know what it is. We had a long, rough sea-
son, over six weeks, with most of the men and
all the officers, except myself, sea-sick the
greater part of the time."

"On our arrival at Boston, we settled down
into our quarters, neatly fitted out for the sea
and all that pertained to it; and having little else to
do, we considered ourselves in getting acquainted
with all the families we could, and soon had a
large and very pleasant circle of visits. Storm,
if I had known where I was going to drift, I
should have dropped Philip Morton into the sea
before he ever saw the shore of America; it
would have been better than the fate on which
he rushed blindfold, like the stricken fool he was."

"You fell in love with somebody, and were
deserted by her?" said Storm, inquiringly;
"the old story of a man's strong heart pouring
all its treasure into the radiation of a heartless
girl's vanity."

"No, you are mistaken," said Morton; "Mary
Lowell was no flirt, but as true-hearted a girl, I
know now, though I was fooled into despoiling it
until too late, as ever received and frankly re-
turned an honest affection. She was a beautiful
girl, serene, and as gentle and trusting and
warm-hearted and loving as she was beautiful;
we were both devoted, made the victims of
passion, deliberately laid and carried out with a
cold-blooded, infernal ingenuity—it was a
wild," he exclaimed through his clenched teeth
and shivering from head to foot, "it drove me
wild, I tell you, Storm, when I think what
helpless babies we were in the hands of that
she-devil. When I think how we both loved
her implicitly, how, believing her professions of
friendship, we blindly put into her hands the
very last means of accomplishing her ends—
how we unconsciously yielded all her plans,
grateful for the motherly interest she seemed to
take in us, I feel as though I should go mad!"

"Who was she?" asked the doctor.

"A Mrs. Lawrence, a widow with a son and
daughter, whom she was anxious to provide for
at the expense of somebody else. I'm telling
you now what I found out afterwards; she was a
cool, calculating schemer, who contrived to
succeed the wealth or expectations of every
unmarried man or woman with whom she came
in contact, with the view of picking up an af-
fable match for these poor children of hers.
The son was a stupid, good-natured fellow who
was a positive fool in his mother's hands, never
treated with any knowledge of her schemes; but
the daughter was fully worthy of her, just as
cold-blooded and heartless, and waiting un-
til her opportunity to make her as dangerous."

"You know that Mary would be wealthy at
the death of her mother, with whom she lived,
(for she was an orphan), and they had been told
that my own mother was coming to settle
such an establishment as they had not their-
selves what you please, not hours—open, and it was
at once decided that I should marry the daughter,
while Mary should be secured for the son."

"As if to further their plan, just at this
time I was ordered off with a pair of the reg-
iment on some service, which depended on about
three months."

"With my departure the mother and daughter
began their operations. My own letters to Mary
were intercepted—they had been sent under

cover to Mrs. Lawrence, at her suggestion, to avoid the gossip which might arise—and others substituted, written by some second-hand they had employed—I never could learn his name—who could imitate his handwriting perfectly. These letters were considered, with doubtful skill, to show a gradual falling off in my affection, and finally I was made to see to have our engagements annulled, on the plea of having discovered that I had mistaken my feelings towards her, that I was about to be married, and winding up by insulting her with the hope that we could still mutually esteem each other; that it was fortunate that two had discovered our mistake in time, and all the rest of such balderdash as the second-hand I was made to appear would be likely to write.

"The letters were dated as from a point a hundred miles from where I was actually stationed, and on going there afterwards I found a number of letters from Mary directed to me, at first full of warm affection, then of gentle complaint of my conduct, and the last giving me back my pledged faith, as she believed I had asked her to do, enclosing a ring I had placed on her finger the day we parted, and requesting me to send her one she had given me at the same time.

"The letters I received, however, and which I supposed to be from her, were forgeries, and similar in tone to the forgeries which had been imposed upon her by my letters."

"But I wonder you didn't detect the cheat by the handwriting," said Sir John. "It is hardly likely that two such expert imitators as you spoke of could be found."

"There was no need of it," said Morton. "as it happened, I had never seen Mary's writing, and therefore when I received letters in a neatly written lady's hand, post-marked Boston, and signed with her name, I suspected nothing, but read them, as a matter of course, as hers."

"The last letter I received as from her, reached me about a week before we were to return. It was that which first aroused my suspicions; it contained the announcement of her intended marriage with Walter Lawrence in ten days after the date of the letter which was then a week old, but it was made indeed the whole letter was couched in language so utterly heartless and spiteful, speaking as though the whole matter had been unimportant to her as a mere fiction, meaning nothing, that I knew Mary could never have even seen it, much less written it. And there I was, certain that there was some terrible deception going on, sure that if I could see her for ten minutes, I could clear it all up, but, at the same time so far distant that it would require more than all the time that remained, traveling night and day to reach her, and, worse of all, within two hours of starting on a secret excursion to so dangerous a character that I could not but at least of absence without certainly suspecting myself to the suspicion of cowardice. What was I to do?"

"You were the servant of the King, engaged upon his work, and your duty to him was paramount," said Sir John, in a stern grave tone, "I know you did your duty."

"I did, though with how much heart for it, you can judge, when it was accompanied by the return to Boston, arriving in two weeks from the time I had received the last letter. I found Mary the wife of young Lawrence—married only three days before!"

"Something that sounded like a savage cry broke through the compressed lips of Sir John, but he made no other remark. Morton continued:

"The next day, I enclosed the letter to her, stating when I had received it, and adding that I was sure this was the first time she had ever seen it. The messenger returned with her answer. 'Come to me at once, Philip, there is some dreadful mistake!'

"She was at the house of Mrs. Lawrence, said, as you may suppose, it was not many minutes before I was at the door."

"I found Mary, with Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter, in the parlor. The two last, though surprised and evidently somewhat disconcerted at seeing me there, rose and greeted me with every appearance of cordiality. Mary sat still, unable to rise from agitation, but looking at me with an expression of bewildered dread."

"Remembering the greetings of the mother and daughter only, I crossed over at once, without noticing them further, to where Mary sat, and simply saying:

"Mary, I fear we have both been badly deceived," looked her all the while I had returned—saying if she had ever seen them before."

"As she glanced rapidly over them, in succession, the look of bewilderment changed to an expression of ghastly horror that she haunted me ever since, and will haunt me to my grave. Dropping the letters, she rose, and said:—

"Wait for me one moment, Philip! left the room. She returned almost immediately with a number of letters, which she placed in my hands without speaking. I tore them open and found, what I have already told you."

"It is as I expected, Mary," said I, "these are forgeries; I never saw one of them till this moment."

"Not I, the others," said she faintly, and then fell heavily to the floor, the blood bubbling from her lips from a ruptured artery. They carried her to her room, and in less than a week she was dead. Do you wonder that I left the place where I had given such an experience as this, and where I should have been driven mad by the play of every one who knew me?"

"I sold out my commission and came not here to begin a new life, and try if I could ever forget the old one. I have not succeeded yet. It isn't a very pleasant story, is it, Sir John?" and the young man gave a shiver, as if he had been driven mad by the play of every one who knew me."

"Walter Lawrence remained silent for a few moments, and then broke out with an expression of his opinions of the two ladies and their villainous handwriting, couched in language so polite, so unassuming, and with so little deference to etiquette in its extreme personal character, that I had rather leave you to imagine it, if you can."

"Philip made no remark, but sat with his face between his hands, reading sadly the measureless letters which she placed in his hands before he had fallen over her life."

"Seymour, who loved him like a foster brother, when, I do believe, in all those out of two better than his brothers love each other, also remained silent, receiving no impressionable plan of revenge after murder, and dominating them all in time, until Philip again spoke."

"Walter, I've told you my story; I've told it, and will tell it to no other living man; I only want to forget it if I can, will you help me to by never again alluding to it?"

"Certainly I will, Morton; it's the very best thing you can do. I will never speak of it again; neither do I intend to forget it."

And thus it was that Philip Morton, became an ex-husband of his Gracious Majesty's forces, away out on the border of the peaceful province of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VI.

While Philip had been telling his story in the block-house, Eli Flint and Dabhausen had been paddling their canoe silently and swiftly against the rapid stream towards the island, where the latter had seen the Chippewa party the day before. It was rather a measure of precaution, rather of actual necessity, for, as he had expected, they found it entirely deserted, and immediately pushed for a point on the main land opposite the island.

The point they chose for landing was a flat rock which shelved down into the river, with plenty of bushes overhanging the water, on each side of it, under which they could hide the canoe, but which, as the two scouts were actively aware, might also answer as a hiding place for an uncomfortably large force if the very enemy they were seeking.

Accordingly, before landing, they halted about twenty yards from the shore, safe from observation in the darkness, and, steadying the canoe from drifting down stream by setting their paddles against the shallow bottom, they remained in perfect silence for nearly half an hour, listening anxiously to every sound that came from the forest, and straining their eyes upon the rock and the dark line of bushes that fringed the shore on either side of it.

Battered at last that they were alone, Dabhausen, who was sitting forward, raised his paddle off the bottom and allowed the stern of the canoe to fall off before the current, until it headed towards the rock, when, by a few long, powerful sweeps of both paddles, it was shot forward like a bubble, and in a moment was lying well in the water, on the lower side of the rock, with its occupants crouched low on the bottom. After waiting a moment in this position, they stepped out cautiously, secured the canoe under the bushes, and trailing their rifles, moved rapidly forward into the forest.

Once clear of the bushes near the shore, they pushed forward among the open trees at a long, silent step, which carried them along with great speed. Dabhausen, in advance, his dark form gliding in and out among the trees as smoothly and noiselessly as a snake, but every now and then stopping behind a large enough to conceal him, and drawing himself up rigidly against it to listen and reconnoitre, Eli following his example.

After repeating this measure three or four times, the Indians suddenly gave a low hiss and made a sign to his companion to join him as he stood against a large tree, so close that his body in the darkness might easily have been mistaken for a mere irregularity in the trunk.

Stealing up to him, Eli asked if he had seen anything.

"Snake!" was the reply.

"Snake! Where?" said Eli, in a barely audible whisper. "I don't see no fire light, and nobody can see smoke in this dark."

"No, no, no, no," said Eli, "I don't see anything, but I'm sure there's a snake, and I think it's a good one, too," said Eli, or said Eli, the name by which he was better known along the frontier to the Indians, both friends and foes, and which had been given him on account of a considerable snake on the top of his head, where time had rusted out his thick locks. "Yes, Chief, I've got a snake, but it isn't in this dark."

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rips with its claws in the man's naked back and shoulders.

There were hatches and knives enough ready, but it was difficult to use them with safety, owing to the incessant changes of position of the combatants, their comrades being quite as often under the blow when about to fall, as the panther.

Several of them now bethought themselves of the fire, and seizing the flaming brands, attacked the panther with them. The raging beast had snarled blood, however, and for a few moments held on stubbornly to his prey, growling and tearing and snapping, regardless of the scorching blows and thrusts, until one of his assailants succeeded in inserting a blazing chunk between his open jaws, while another, at the same moment drove his knife into his side behind the fore leg, to the heart.

The struggle had ineffectually drawn the whole party to some distance from the prisoner, and while it was going on, in the excitement and hurry, they had taken advantage of the confusion, when they rushed at the panther, to make his way to the tree, and with a quick whispered caution to the prisoner to keep still, laid out the things that bound him to it; then waiting for an instant, and seeing that the man stood firmly, without tottering, he whispered, "Can run?" No, too stiff!

"All right," said the other in the same tone. "Ten come, no make noise!"

Slipping silently around the tree so as to bring it between himself and the enemy, and favored by the darkness, which enveloped every thing, now that nothing was left of the fire but the scattered smoldering brands, he followed close upon the heels of Storm-Cloud until they reached the spot where Eli had remained watching.

The last had seen the whole fray, and was on his feet waiting for them, and the three immediately struck off into the forest, rather more slowly than was altogether desirable, in order not to leave the prisoner, who, besides the weight he had to carry, was more numbed than he had supposed at first, though the things had not been drawn around his limbs so tightly as to impede the circulation to any great degree.

They had need of dispatch; for more than two hundred yards had been gained before a trumpet of discordant yells, followed by the crashing of bushes and the patter of bounding feet announced, unmistakably, that the escape had been discovered, and the hunt was fairly up.

This was embarrassing, though nothing more than had been expected. To add to the difficulty, it soon became evident from the sounds in different quarters that the pursuers had scattered, and were beating the woods in all directions. It will be remembered that they were entirely ignorant of the presence of any except themselves and their prisoner, whom they knew to be captured in the part of the forest, and they moved about singly without any attempt at concealment, each warrior anxious for the honor of retelling his single-handed

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EASTER EGGS.

BY THE LATE CAPTAIN FREDERICK WILSON, OF THE U. S. A.

Trillies bells with their hollow jangle
And their vibrant lips and their brown tongues
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the morning notes to the sun are rolled,
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me told,
Colored so nicely with blue and gold?"
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter day?"

Tenderly shake the April skies,
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,
And every face in the street is gay,
Why should this youngster be saying so?
No! I could not but have the tale he begs,
And tell him the story of Easter eggs.

You have heard, my boy, of the man who died,
Overwhelmed with love, and crushed;
And how Joseph the weaver—whom God re-
warded—
Cared for the corpse of his married Lord,
And piously tended it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a night's lock.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew
With pendulous leaves and blossoms blue,
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with snow-white malachite,
And laid four eggs of an ivory white.

Now when the bird from her dim room—
Behold the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
His heart high broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of his sorrow he sang.

All night long, till the moon was up,
His sad and woe in her woe-worn breast
Her song of sorrow was wild and shrill,
As the sorrowful wind when it raves the hill,
So full of tears—so loud and long,
Till the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon there came through the weeping night
A glittering angel clothed in white,
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the Earth and Heaven lay,
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living haunts came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Behold the angel's radiant glory,
And his heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And he poured a song on the throbbing night—
Now singing notes, yet higher, higher,
They went to heaven like a shower of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The morning song of the glowing bird,
And heard the following strain of air,
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Glorious bird, be forever true,
Till the day of the world be overthrown."

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When dawned down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And turn with red and gold and blue;
Remembering marked in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1896.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year, \$5.00
Two copies, " 4.00
Four copies, " 3.00
Eight copies, " 2.00
Twenty copies, " 1.00
Twenty copies, " 1.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 6.00

IF THE price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Club may be composed entirely of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit money orders in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepare the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders where possible. If not, in United States notes or drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

IF the names of the Club are sent to the publisher, HENRY PETERSON & CO., No. 219 WALNUT ST., PHILA'DE.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines the regular price of which is FIFTY FIVE DOLLARS, on the following terms:

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, \$50.
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, \$75.
3. In the first of the above Clubs, a lady may get twenty subscribers at the regular price of \$2.50 a copy, and then, by sending us these subscribers, and the dollar we may add, will get a Sewing Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty Five Dollars. When a lady sends us subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different Post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may have in time their papers at home, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

IF in a case the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 1 Machine, and if it is sent to New York for Fifty Five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufacturer in New York, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF \$10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the get-up-of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rate—at least for a time—and send if we can not some thousands of our readers to work for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of 20 Subscribers and \$60.00

or 30 Subscribers and \$75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's \$55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of The Ladies from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "bumping," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in the city and New York for Fifty Five Dollars cash. It will not be a second-hand article, it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to be at work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to The Post and The Lady's Friend, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth Fifty Five Dollars!

At least, try it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters, please send—Good, not too long for our columns. But position, correspondence is carried freely.

Decisions—The Journal of Life is respectfully declined.

SHAMEFUL.

The recent proceedings of certain of the citizens of Idaho and Oregon are a disgrace alike to Christianity and civilization. These white Americans are acting with all the routine ferocity of savages, without having the excuse that the savages have of barbarism and bestiality. Read the following names of the recent acts from those parts of the Union. We feel ourselves disgraced that we belong to the same country with the race of such infamous deeds. Congress intervenes for the marking of these white savages!

"The people of Idaho have held a mass meeting and appointed twenty-five men to go Indian hunting." The rewards of this sport are fixed at \$100 for every "black" scalp, \$50 for every "squaw scalp," and \$15 for "merchandise in the shape of an Indian under ten years of age."

"A dispatch from Portland, Oregon, says the Indians in the Owyhee region are very troublesome. The citizens had offered bounties for their scalps, and intended to make a clean sweep of them."

"A dispatch from Ruby City says that Capt. Walker, a few weeks since, charged an Indian camp at the mouth of Jordan creek, and left twenty-eight Indians dead on the ground. Twenty were killed, and fought desperately, killing one man and slightly wounding another. Six squaws and children were killed in the charge."

"What are the ministers of religion doing in Idaho and Oregon, that they allow such proceedings to pass without their indignant remonstrance and rebuke? What are our ministers doing here, that they do not denounce these diabolical deeds?"

THE SEWING MACHINE.

E. J. Topliff, of Sand Spring, Iowa, writes:—
"I received the machine all right last Thursday week; it is a good machine, and every one that has seen it pronounces it to be a top one. I am glad that I commenced getting up a club for your excellent periodical. Accept my thanks, and you may look for another club soon."

It LOOKS LIKE PEACE—O. H. Wilson, of Clarksville, Arkansas, writes as follows:—
"Enclosed please find \$25.00 the payment for the remaining half a year of The Post and The Magazine. I have never felt as though peace was made, until now that I look around, and see them lying on the table."

THE MOON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In The Post of March 24th we find the paragraph:—January had two full moons, March will have two, and February has been left with none. This phenomenon has not occurred before since the Creation, and will not again, according to astronomers, in two and a half millions of years."

The underlined part of the above paragraph is far from being true. That phenomenon has often occurred since the Creation. It has occurred four times in this nineteenth century, namely:—In 1809, 1828, 1847, 1866, and will again in 1885, and in the next century in 1904, &c., provided the moon has not fulfilled its mission before that time.

D. GRACE
Camden, Ohio.

A Few Vulgarisms of Modern Writing.

From Chambers's Journal.

Would that there were some dictionary of the nature of a good watchdog to prevent the intrusion of colloquial vulgarisms into the noble English language! He who prescribes these offers a continual exasperation from this cause.

Within the last few years, three or four important terms have made themselves particularly despicable, and, what could scarcely be expected, they show their ugly heads at such in the works of men of the highest talents as in inferior productions.

Oh, my good, clever friend Willie Collins, why will you so continually express the sense of the respectable old word "also" by "as well"? Behave me, it is not as well to do so. There are whole provinces in this island where nobody ever employs the term in the sense of also. I question if it is used at all in that sense beyond the hearing of the Park gate or the midnight boom of Big Ben. Wherever it is not so used, of course, your employment of it must appear as a vulgar provincialism. *Interlude!*

And, dear Mrs. Henry Wood, you who have such a power of fixing our attention to your narrative, why will you always use the word "that" for "so"? Why pepper your clever books with the informal phrase in the offices of all whose pen is worth having?

There is a respectable old phrase, "What can Jack be doing in the stable?" which most modern London writers insist on using. "What can Jack be doing, &c.?" No literary man belonging to either party of

A Day in Nashville.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Reader, have you ever been to Nashville? I mean, were you ever there during the war? Yes? Then does not a mention of the place make you shiver in your shoes with disgust? Does not your heart expand and glow with profound sympathy and commiseration when you hear me say that I was there a whole day? No, worse than that! A day and two nights! If this assertion falls to place me upon the topmost pinnacle of your sublime pity—then I am sorry for you, friend reader, and may be forced to shed tears over the opinion which I shall find myself driven, much against my will, to form of your nature. I shall conclude that you have lived in that place long enough to become utterly callous to humane feeling, and that nothing in the universe, henceforth, can ever awaken in your soul the semblance of a "sensation."

Before I went to Nashville, I heard many things said of that city, which made me regard it something in the way of pity. I could not help thinking that it had been locked upon through the medium of uncharitable lenses, manufactured from the thick growth of a demoralized age, and I was disposed to defend it. I am glad now I didn't! Had I ever been guilty of such a heinous sin I should now shroud myself in sackcloth and ashes, in the very depth of my repentance! Charity has no mantle that can stretch its purity over a place like this, (at least I mean as it was two years ago) and like the doomed of Sodom I regarded the people of Nashville, and longed to turn myself into an angel, and bring out the few of good that should be saved from the general destruction.

One bright morning in '64, I went with the men, and my first thought was of Nashville. I rose and made a neat toilet, and after partaking of a hearty-cooked breakfast, repaired to the depot to catch the train. Of course it was full of soldiers! The cars knew no patrons so faithful as our brave, dirty, profane, kind-hearted, merry, relieving soldiers. But, much as I liked them as soldiers, I cannot just feel comfortable with my feet in tobacco juice up to my ankles, and the clouds of smoke that they puffed, like the Marvels, in great volumes through the cars, had a queer knack of getting into my eyes and throat, and making me sneeze.

The first thing I knew I found myself a little nauseated, and in spite of me the tears would come for all the world as if I were crying. Then those boys would laugh and nudge each other with their elbows, and puff greater volumes still, and make me feel as if I were a "woman's passion" for smoking, chewing, dipping, and the like.

For the sake of change, I got into the express car, and had a real merry time. I could walk about, and hold on to the sides of the door and look out at what we were passing on our way. I could do a great many things that would not be possible in a passenger car, and, of course, I liked it better.

The ride was rather a curious one, though every little while our old iron horse would get stuck, like a "baldy" mule, and refuse to go up hill. The engineer would feed and coax and drive with persevering zeal, and sometimes give him a "kick," but with it all, we were an hour behind time in reaching our destination! Still, I did not mind that much. An hour is not so bad as half or even a whole day, tumbled up in a heap of rebelling, New York City, and with nothing to eat, and people growling and swearing all around you, when you might be philosophic, otherwise, and sleep till the rubbish is taken away, thus forgetting your grievances.

The depot reminded me of a Metropolitan depot, in point of numbers. It was crowded, and noisy enough for a hotel. Mud was plentiful too. But these are trifling things, not worth mentioning. There was only the verge of Nashville, on which our rash feet pressed in such blind ignorance!

Entering into the open air, we stepped into a vehicle termed a "carriage," but, upon my word, I do not know how it ever could have crept under the burden of so grand a misnomer! To me it looked more like a heap of greasy, muddy rags set upon wheels than anything else. But no matter what it was, I went to work in it. The thing set to down at the ladies' entrance of the St. Cloud, and I marched into the ladies' parlor with an "air," while my legs had walked off to register our names and secure a room. My "airs" wavered, however, and flew away under the back benches they encountered in those narrow precincts. I do not think the grade had been guilty of a freckle that awful "cold snap" on the first of January.

Still, being blessed with a sweet temper, I sank upon a sofa and contemplated the room with placid patience. The centre table stood out bravely in its place, lifting a cold white marble face—not very clean, but white in spots—and seemingly in utter unconsciousness of what it had been shorn of its ornamental corners, and how charming to be of service to the ladies adorned in numerous legs. What did it matter though, while "Queen Victoria" called down upon it from the other side of the room, unheeding the fact that it had "seen better days" in the long ago. There was consolation for it, no doubt, in the fact that the carpet beneath was older, dirtier, and worse looking than it was.

I looked awhile at those, then at the artistic tracing of the all-important words on the door, Ladies' Parlor. I wondered if the man who drew and painted those lines and letters had ever had what is called "delirium tremens." If he had, surely he was under the influence of that singularly prevalent and affecting disease when he executed the marvelous feat in which my eyes were drawn bravely to them, and every time afterward that I ventured near the parlor.

After a while a lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, came in, and we talked about the weather, shopping, &c. The picture she drew of the last banquet employment rather dampened my ardor a little, but I am naturally cheerful and sanguine in my disposition, and consoled myself with the thought that I had proved in the real world.

Presently a girl came, with a rich brocade, to show me to my room, and I followed her as she came up two flights of stairs, then we gave a sudden plunge into a queer passage in the rear, and making a sharp angle, walked up another flight of stairs just wide enough for one foot at a time. They were crooked, low, and at the top had lost a part of the balustrade. To my dying day I shall always remember a wretched howl I made in breaking my neck before I got away. What with crooked, and sharp corners on which

to hang, and twisting narrow steps over which to fall, it is the crowning wonder of me, when I came away from Nashville with life still in me, and in a sound state.

Our room was another wonder. It contained two beds, wedged close together in a table, a wash-stand and two chairs. There was a carpet on the floor, but it reminded me of some of the old pictures we find in galleries, said to be by the "first masters," but over which you puzzle yourself vainly, and can take no pleasure, because the figures are utterly effaced by age and dirt. The poor little grate looked appealingly at me the moment I entered, as if begging for a spark of genial warmth. As for ornaments, there was but one in the room. That was a sort of light half Egyptian, half Bohemian wooden clock, painted, and half, half-painted on a chair by the wash-stand, and suggestive of measles, small-pox, and other contagious diseases of a like nature.

I took a survey coolly, however, then brushed my hair in readiness for tea. My ears opened came up—the gong sounded an arithmetic rattle, and we went down.

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I took a survey coolly, however, then brushed my hair

THE LOVERS.

They linger in the garden walk,
Talking as only lovers talk;
Sweet, foolish trifles, love's delight!
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;
Scattering the rose-leaves in the air,
A dainty shower o'er face and hair.

With laughing looks she sees them fly,
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;
For youth and love as soon are gone,
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;
She takes them with a careless jest,
Then hides them in her snowy breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,
Whispering she is wondrous fair;
While tenderly his loving hands
Linger o'er the throbbing bands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,
And see the golden sunlight die;
A squirrel scurries from his lair,
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls,
Till the bright flag the wind unfurls,
And blows a tremor across his face,
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last,
He holds her slender fingers fast;
Then kisses them, as well he may,
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "PLAIN FLOWERS," "CLARA MOR-
LAND," "FORBIDDEN WILDS," "REPTILES,"
"HAIR OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1886, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

STERN RESOLUTION.

As soon as it was light on the following morn-
ing, Henry, who had passed a wretched night,
began his search for the trail of the Indians,
sworn by him. It was soon that they had indeed
been down on the beach, for here and there the
print of a moccasin was discerned in the yield-
ing sand; and it was not an unreasonable con-
jecture, which both were led to make, that Me-
thoso had been wounded by his fall and subse-
quently killed by the savages, and that Isaline
had in truth been borne off alive.

"Now then to find their trail and pursue it
till I either discover and save her or leave my
bones bleaching like those of Methoso," said
Henry, with stern determination.

"We've got to fill our bottles afore we go
for," said Tom, "for I feel just as if I was
agwine to sneeze in."

"Always thinking of eating!" returned
Henry.

"Why, that's the only thing as keeps me alive!"
said Tom, with the serious air of a man ex-
plaining some new discovery in science. "If it
wasn't for eating, I wouldn't live a month—no,
sir!"

"Well, you had some meat cooked yesterday
morning—will not that do you for the present?"
said Henry, with an anxious, impatient look.

"As for myself, I care for nothing, except to fol-
low on after poor Isaline, and every moment's
delay seems an age to me!"

"Meat cooked yesterday morning?" repeated
Tom, with a look of startled amazement. "Why,
what's the fellow thinking on?—he's lost his
senses sartin!—as of meat cooked yesterday
morning!—he's a bull, or, could last till now!
and me on the tramp at that! What! shaght
whe's the use?"

Tom agreed, however, that he would make as
little delay as possible, by hunting for something
on the way, and so they both immediately set
about searching out the trail. It was difficult to
find, and cost them the labor of an hour; and
when found it was difficult to follow, because it
was some three days old, and the light moccasins
of some of the Indians had left no such easily-
discerned traces as the hoof of the running
horse. The general direction, though, was some-
thing of a guide, because it was supposed the
savages would aim to overtake their companions,
and they had certainly taken the proper course
for that purpose. By keeping steadily forward,
therefore, other places where to impression could
be seen, nor friends were always fortunate
enough to find more traces on beyond, and thus
lost but little time.

One thing troubled Henry not a little,
even beyond all his other troubles, and that was
that no discovery had as yet been made which
proved that Isaline was among the savages.
Both he and Tom had made a close and careful
scrutiny of the trail where it had been found the
clearest, and yet had failed to discern any sign
or trace of the missing girl.

"Oh, Heaven! should this prove a delu-
sion, and she not be among the savages after
all!" groaned Henry. "Tell me, Tom—tell me
truth—what do you think?"

"I don't know, youker—I can't swar to no-
thing!" answered Tom. "Perhaps her pretty
little foot didn't come down hard enough to
leave a mark—just like them varmintes, called
fairies, as I've heard about—and then agin she
might be come at foot, or sick like, and they
is toling her on cross poles."

"But if such were the case, Tom, we should
certainly have found some indication of it before
this—some place where they had collected the
materials and constructed the litter—and some
place where they had taken it up and set it
down. No! tell if she is among them at all,
she is not carried, Tom, and my only hope now
is, that her light foot has passed without leaving
any mark where we are watching."

"Well, all we kin do ar' to push on, and try
the ventur!" returned Tom.

They did push on, as fast as they possibly
could. Tom keeping an eye ready for any game
they might discover. Before noon he was again
fortunate enough to kill a deer, and having
eaten of this to satiety, and permitted Henry to
do the same, he did as before, cooked up a few
pounds to take with them.

The trail of Blodgett and the Indians did not
lead to the camp where they had parted from
their companions, but rather diagonally across
the country—they doubtless calculating on strik-
ing the trail of the main body further on, which
they did. At the point where the smaller trail
joined the larger, Tom remarked:

"Now we hev o'er work, Harry, and we kin
go as fast as we like."

"Ah! but, Tom, if Blodgett's party succeed in
joining the main body," sighed Henry, "what
chance have we two against so many?"

"Not much, I'll allow; but of we kin catch
up with 'em afore they cross the Ohio, we kin
scout round and make sure of the colonel's
darker ar' amongst 'em; and of the ar', we kin
better what to do now we does now."

"Let us hurry on then," rejoined Henry, "and
know the worst as soon as possible. Ah! what
a long start they have of us! If we could
only have known, when we passed over this
ground before, all that we know now, how much
time we might have saved!"

"And had our horses too, Harry! Ah! I
hate to lose them critters, and I've half a notion
to go back for 'em!"

"No, no, Tom—no must not risk that delay!"
"Couldn't we make it up in riding faster now
we kin walk, youker?"

"But we might not find them; and only think
how much important time would then be lost!
No, no, Tom—the matter is not to be thought of
for a moment!"

"Just as you say," observed Henry, "a new
idea occurs to me. When I consider time and every-
thing, I do believe Blodgett and his crew struck
this trail the very day we passed over it! If so,
how fortunate for us that we had passed this
point before they reached it, for they might
have discovered us first and ambushed us!"

"Wooft!" groaned Tom, with a shrug of his
shoulders.

The trail now being broad and clear, our two
friends pushed on rapidly till near night, when,
having ascended a small hill, some distance
short of the camp where they had made their
escape from the Indians, Tom suddenly stopped,
grasped an arm of his companion, and made a
gesture for him to keep silent.

"What is it?" whispered Henry, after listen-
ing intently for a few moments and hearing no-
thing.

"Dyer see that thar feller him, right over
thar?" pointing a little to the right.

"Yes!" well!"

"Don't you hear nothing?"

"No!"

"I do. That's a party coming up on t'other
side; but I can't just make out whether they're
white men or Indians."

"Oh, Heaven! if it should prove to be our
friends, who struck across the country here un-
der Billings!" said Henry.

"That's what I hope. Hark! you hear that,
don't ye?"

"Yes, it was a human voice, but too far off to
be distinct. And yet I some how feel as if it
were the voice of a white man!"

"Let's creep into the bushes yere, Harry,
and lay low. If it's Indians, we've got to do
some dodging; and if it's white, thar'll be time
enough to yell when we see 'em."

They stole off to a thicket, about a hundred
yards from the trail, and there concealed them-
selves, and waited with breathless anxiety for
the appearance of the party, which was evi-
dently ascending the other hill from the oppo-
site side.

In less than ten minutes they appeared upon
the summit—horses and men—white men—bor-
derers—the division which, some days before,
had struck off across the country, at the time
that Tom and Henry, with their ill-fated com-
panions, had pursued the direct trail. It was a
sight only to be appreciated by men in the con-
dition of our hero and his friend. It was the
welcome call to an old couple of poor mariners
drifting helplessly in an open boat. Henry burst
into tears, and Tom sent forth a dozen yells,
intended for the wildest delight, but which ac-
tually startled the approaching party into the
belief that they were about to be assailed by a
band of savages.

"Fool as I am," cried Tom, bounding away
down the hill like a madman—whopping, shout-
ing, yelling, jumping, and swinging his arms and
kicking off his legs in the wildest manner pos-
sible.

Henry ran too, but he could not keep up with
his rough companion. By the time he reached the
party, Tom had shaken hands with more than
half of the men present, and was still
whooping and cheering in the midst of them.

They had recognized the horses stolen from
the whites by the savages, some of the men
were wounded, and many had fresh Indian
scalps attached to their girdles. All this Henry
saw, with a wild glance, as he came panting up,
and his heart beat strangely. They had evidently
met and conquered the Indians, and what of
Isaline? A dozen men sprung forward to greet
our hero; but his first words, uttered gaspingly,
were:

"The lady? the lady? Miss Isaline Hal-
combe! is she with you? have you saved her?"

As if no one had seen her,
Henry felt his heart sink and brain swim.
What was all the rest of the world to him? He
saw his own rapidly over the whole group, and
saw that all had disappeared except one man,
whose back was toward him. He fancied he
recognized the figure, and hurried round to
where he could get a better view. He was not
mistaken. He beheld the pale face and com-
pressed lips of Charles Hampton.

"What does that villain among you here and
at Henry?" he shouted. "That is the wretch
that brought all our trouble upon us!"

He had scarcely spoken, when Hampton struck
his horse a violent blow and dashed swiftly down
the hill.

"What's that, Harry?" cried Tom, whose at-
tention was now directed to the treacherous vil-
lain by the words and actions of his friend.

"It is Hampton, Tom—there he goes—scamp-
ing the punishment that belongs to him!"

Quick as thought Tom raised his place to his
eye and fired. Hampton reeled and fell, and the
redskins began their plucking on.

"I knowed my time 'ud come!" said Tom,
coolly; "and this be yars a better shooting iron
nor I gin the old rascalism red niggers credit
for!"

Some half-a-dozen of the party now ran down
to him, and found him badly wounded—Tom's ball
having entered under the right shoulder-blade
and passed through the right lung. He breathed
with difficulty and coughed up blood. He was
still conscious, but could not live. They
brought him up to the top of the hill, and he
fairly gnashed his teeth at the sight of Henry
and Tom.

"It was not me you should have murdered,
you cowards, but Blodgett!" he muttered, chok-
ingly.

"And what thought that devil be found?"
asked Tom.

Hampton groaned, and pointed with his finger.
Both Tom and Henry looked in the direction
indicated, and there, not fifty feet distant, they
beheld what they had not before observed—the
pale face and cowering form of Blodgett, who
was standing between two men, with his arms
bound behind his back, in the manner he had
compelled the prisoners to march with the
savages.

Tom uttered a fierce yell of savage delight
and sprung toward him; but, quick though he
was, Henry was before him.

"Stand off!" he said; "not a word till I shall
have done questioning him! And then to Blod-
gett, who was now shaking all over, like a man
with the ague. "Villain," he cried, "if you
want to live long enough to say your prayers,
quick! tell me! where is the girl you want in
possession of?"

"Oh, sir—oh, good gentlemen—don't hurt
me! don't! for I didn't have anything to do
with it—it was an accident, I suppose!" cried
the poor, miserable coward, in the most abject,
servile tone, which wonderfully contrasted with
his language and manner at the time he per-
tained to the prisoners at the Indian camp.

"Speak out!" gasped Henry, catching hold of
Tom for support, and preparing himself to hear
the worst.

"The girl was killed!" said Blodgett.

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned Henry,
with a reeling brain.

"How does you know that, you limp of the
devil?" demanded Tom. "Did you see her dead?"

"No, I didn't see her dead," replied Blodgett,
"but Methoso and his horse went over a precipice,
and we found their bones there, and I suppose
she was killed too, though we couldn't find her."

"If you lie about this case, I'll hev you
strung up to the foot tree, you infernal whelp!"
cried Tom.

"I don't lie—I'm telling you the honest
truth!" returned Blodgett. "We hunted all
round, and couldn't find anything of her, either
living or dead."

"Thar, Harry, lad, don't take on so!" said
Tom, kindly. "the colonel's darker ar' dead, you
see, arter all—no, sir! She's got away
alive somehow, and she'll turn up all right yet!"

"Oh, Tom, if I were only certain of that!"
groaned Henry. "But I have little or no hope
now, my friend! I did think it possible she
might have been carried off by this villain, but
now all is dark mystery! Oh, that I could have
died in her place! poor, sweet, loved and lost
Isaline!"

The adventure of this party of borderers, as
told to Tom by one of the number, may be
summed up briefly. They had been roaming
through the wilderness, without anything oc-
curring of any importance, till they had stumbled
upon the trail of the main body of savages, which
they had pursued rapidly, coming up with the
Indians, or rather in sight of them, one day about
sunset. Not having been discovered themselves,
they had made their arrangements for a night
attack, which had proved successful. Nearly all
the Indians had been killed, and their horses
and powder had fallen into their hands. Find-
ing Hampton a prisoner, and that he had readily be-
lieved his trumped-up story of his misfortune,
and had never once dreamed of his being the
treacherous villain whose wicked plans and counsels
had brought so much trouble upon the country.
He had told them how Blodgett and his party
had been gone in pursuit of Isaline, and they
had come back on the main trail in the
hope of being able to find and destroy them.

"What is it, Harry? what's the meaning of
all this?" said Tom, who was agwine to sneeze
now.

"Never mind, Tom!" said Henry, puffing
his hand; "never mind, my brave friend! but
let me say farewell for the present; and do you
go on with the rest and leave me!"

"I'll be conscientiously embarrassed of I
do!" cried Tom, emphatically. "No, sir! you
can't agwine to come any sick like dodge over
this road alone, of I know a good deal—no, sir! If
you is agwine to put out for new dodging, I'm
agwine with you, and that's a settled pint!"

"What! What's the use?"

"No, no, Tom—go on with the rest, and leave
me to myself! I am a miserable, unhappy man,
and no longer fit company for you or any one
else! All hope and joy in this world is gone,
with my poor, sweet Isaline! and when I shall
two hours after this conversation, my black heart
and scolding brain were still in death. The
borderers would not bury him, but left his body
to the wolves and vultures."

That night, while assembled around their
campfire, they put Blodgett on trial for his life.
The affair was conducted with some show of
form and justice. Twelve men were selected to
act as a jury, and they were to hear the evi-
dence and decide. Tom and Henry were re-
quired to give in their testimony, and no other
witnesses were needed. The jury took only a
couple of minutes for consideration, and the
verdict was:

"Guilty!"

Then twelve men were drawn by lot, to decide
what death he should die, and when, and they
were to be his executioners for the first, they
decided he should die by hanging; and for the
second, that it should be before remaining their
march on the morrow.

"Between these two points we'll let the pris-
oner fix the time for himself!" they said.

Blodgett was nearly dead already with fear—
for a more abject, miserable creature never drew
the breath of life. When they brought him for-
ward to put the question, his face had a ghastly
hue, he trembled and shook till his teeth rattled,
and large beads of perspiration stood out all
over his face.

"You're a heartless cruel wretch!" said one
of the twelve, addressing the miserable wretch,
"and we ought to string you up at once; but we've
decided to let you name any time between this
and sunrise that'll best suit you to stretch the
rope."

"Oh, gentlemen—good gentlemen—for God's
sake, don't hang me!" cried Blodgett, dropping
down on his knees and begging.

"How about us dancing at your wedding?"
asked Tom, who chanced to be one of the twelve
drawn.

"Oh, that was only a joke—that's all!"

"Purdy joke, warn't it, you pusillanimous
whelp?" growled Tom. "And them sculps you
slapped on my face—them was a joke too,
warn't they?"

"Oh, yes—I didn't mean any harm—and you
know I treated you well afterward!"

"Oh, yes—I feel proud on't! Well, you see,
we've just agwine to hang you in joke now—
that's all."

"But it will kill me, won't it?" asked Blodgett,
with trembling anxiety.

"Well, it does sometimes kill folks of your
size!" gravely answered Tom.

"Oh, spare me! spare me! good gentlemen!"
"You're worse than a smacking wolf!" said
one of the others: "for that cowardly beast will
die game when he's cornered and can't get
away!"

"Come," said another, "name your time—
any hour you like between this and sunrise."

"Oh, gentlemen—oh, good, kind gentlemen—
oh, for God's sake don't hang me! I'm not
ready to die yet!" pleaded the wretched wretch,
in the most piteous tones he could command.

"If we wait for you to get ready, we'll all die
of old age!" said a stern voice.

"Name your time, and be quick about it,"
said another. "or we'll fix it for you!"

"Oh, gentlemen, do forgive me! won't you?
I'm not ready to die—I'm afraid to die—indeed,
indeed I am!" whined the miserable coward.

You warn't afeared to kill my companions,
as good fellows as ever lived, and then slap that
bloody sculps in my face, you—cankaker-
ous, rascalism, skinning horse-thief!" cried Tom.

"Agh! wagh! agh! what's the use?"

"We're waiting too much time here," said
one of the men, "and I reckon we'd best string
him up to once and make an end on't!"

"Oh, no, no, tonight, for God's sake! good,
kind, dear gentlemen—not to-night!" pleaded
Blodgett.

"Shall it be at sunrise to-morrow?" asked
another.

"At sunrise to-morrow!" cried several voices,
without waiting for Blodgett to answer; "let it
be settled so!"

And so it was settled.

They bound the guilty villain to a tree; but
he made so much disturbance in the camp—by
crying, complaining, cursing, begging, pleading
and screaming—that the borderers finally re-
sorted to gagging, to keep him quiet.

At daylight the camp was astir, and the jury
of executioners prepared to do their fatal work.

They selected a small sapling, bent down the
top, and secured it by a rope. To this top they
fastened another rope, with a slip-knot at the
lower end. Then they dragged up Blodgett,
more dead than alive, with his hands bound
behind his back and the gag still in his mouth,
and passed the noose over his head, and fixed
the knot under one ear—he struggling, moaning
and shaking all over. As soon as all was ready,
they formed a ring around him. Then, at a
signal, the first rope was cut, and the spring of
the tree carried the wretched villain up several
feet from the ground, and there held him sus-
pended by the neck. He struggled violently for
several minutes, and then gradually grew still in
death.

At last the damnable villain had met the
punishment he deserved.

When, shortly after, the borderers resumed
their homeward march, they left the body sus-
pended in the air, for the cawing birds to feed
on.

Sad, silent, drooping, like one who no longer
had any object or aim in life, Henry marched
on with the rest, till they came nearly opposite
the place, though still some miles distant, where
Methoso had met his death, when he quietly an-
nounced to the party that here he should leave
them, as he was going another way. They all
knew his sorrow and respected it, and several
rough but kindly voices inquired if there was
anything they could do for him.

"No!" sighed Henry. "I thank you—no!"

No one seemed to feel he had a right to ques-
tion him except Rough Tom; and he, with a
look of surprise and anxiety, drew Henry aside
and said:

"What is it, Harry? what's the meaning of
all this? what you agwine to now?"

"Never mind, Tom!" said Henry, puffing
his hand; "never mind, my brave friend! but
let me say farewell for the present; and do you
go on with the rest and leave me!"

"I'll be conscientiously embarrassed of I
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indeed I am!" whined the miserable coward.

You warn't afeared to kill my companions,
as good fellows as ever lived, and then slap that
bloody sculps in my face, you—cankaker-
ous, rascalism, skinning horse-thief!" cried Tom.

"Agh! wagh! agh! what's the use?"

"We're waiting too much time here," said
one of the men, "and I reckon we'd best string
him up to once and make an end on't!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Essay on Navigation.
By How.

The great secrets of navigation are contained in a small compass.

When navigators desire to know the depth of the water, they generally drop a line for information, and it has usually led in the end to the obtaining the sought-for knowledge.

Ships go to divers parts of the earth, especially when they visit the pearl regions.

Vessels in a high wind are addicted to low gunboating, and do so until they turn up coppers, and give and come, while the gale blows.

Sailors are very lawless persons, taking anything they need; in fact, they sometimes take the sun and moon.

Ships that directly oppose the authority of the winds by endeavoring to fly in their teeth, are put in trouble immediately, and, becoming naturally ill-humored under such circumstances, have a very stern way about them.

Those who go down to sea in ships, are not very apt to turn up again.

Ships are not usually provided with gardens, although they have many small yards.

Business is likely to predominate over other descriptions of vessels, as they are much more profitable, and have a greater number of berths. They seldom fail, although they make a great many trips.

Merchantmen are generally successful in making sail.

Copper-bottomed vessels are disesteemed in their habits, their masts being especially rakish.

The most unprofitable consequence that can be made is to ship a sea.

Vessels buffeted by head-winds become very much enraged, and go to leeward.

Ships have a great number of hands and knees; the masts all have feet and eyes, the bows have figures and cat heads; the ship itself has a few feet, but no head one, and dead-eyes, so called because the eye cannot come through them.

One locomotive is sufficient loading for a vessel, as it always makes a cargo.

The most polite parts of the ship are the bows and the gallant yards.

Ships suffer little from fair winds, but during head-winds they wear very much.

Captains are Robinson Crusoes in their reckonings, keeping the accounts of the voyage recorded on logs. On the return trip a back log is used.

Most vessels are sociable in their manners, and have a companion-way about them.—N. Y. Leader.

Josh Billings on Courtship.

Courtship is a luxury, it is no vice, it is the plea upon which the man who has been courted has lived in vain. He has been a better man among landscapes, he has been a different man in the land of hand-organs, and by the side of murmuring cascades. Courtship is like two little springs of water that start out from under a rock at the foot of a mountain, and run down hill side by side, singing, dancing, splashing each other, eddying and frothing and lapping, now hiding under the bank, now full of splashing, then they rise, and then they go low. I am in favor of long courtship; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's trump cards. It is good exercise, and is just as innocent as I can make it.

Courtship is like strawberries and cream—wants to be fed slow, and you have got the flavor. I have seen folks get acquainted, fall in love, get married, settled down, and get to work, in three weeks from date. This is the way our folks have a trade—acquire for the great number of almighty mean mechanics and poor jobs they turn out.

Perhaps it is best I should state some good advice to young men who are about to court with a view to matrimony as it was.

In the first place, young man, you want to get your system straightened, then find a young woman who is willing to be courted on the square. The next thing is to find out how old she is, with you can do by asking her, and she is, she is 17 years old, and this you will find won't be far out of the way.

The best thing is to begin moderate, as once in every six weeks for the first six months, increasing the dose as the patient seems to require.

It is a fact, too, that the girl's mother a little on the start, for there is a thing a woman never despises, and that is a little good counsel, if it is done on the square.

After the first year you will begin to get acquainted, and will begin to like the business.

There is a thing I always advise, that is to swap dirty tricks often than once every 15 days, unless you forget how the girl looks.

Occasionally you want to look sorry and draw in your mind as the man has a pain, this will get the girl to turn you to find out what ails you.

Evening meetings are a good thing to tend. It will keep your religion in tune, and if you fall happens to be there, in accident, she can ask you to go home with her.

As a general thing I wouldn't brag on other girls much when I was courted. It might look as though you had too much.

If you court three weeks in this way, all the time on the square, if you don't say it is the sweetest time of your life, you can go to the "Young America" show and get acquainted for a long list of my expense and pay for it.

Miss FORTY is a beautiful girl. However, I'm not saying the woman are foolish. The Almighty made them to match the men. What a man wants is a wife to make more of his feet as he'll tell her he's vain. But there's some men, can do without that—they think so much of themselves already—and that's how it is there's old bachelors.

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Mr. ALGERNON MUGGER has requested the pleasure of waiting with Miss Lavinia Springflood, but as he can only afford about in what he calls the "Doo Tong," and Lavinia "doots" on the old three-time business (and which the musicians are playing), they cordially hate each other in about two minutes!

Strong Confirmation.

The latest instance of "Spiritual Manifestations" that we have seen is, that recorded of a young man "Down East," whose father had promised, before his death, to hold invisible communication with him.

The spirit of the gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline) was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had anything to do with them.

"Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any directions as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium, "we wait some manifestations from the spirit land."

This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth, and, with out ceremony, pulled him out of the room.

"Hold on!" stung him, cried the terrified young convert, "that's the old man—I believe in the rappings!"

Our hero has never since had a desire to "sit up the old gentleman."

IMPROVEMENTS OF PARIS.—It is very generally supposed that the demolition and re-edification of Paris are owing to an imperial inspiration. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The plans which are being carried out under M. Haussmann's supervision were all drawn out in the reign of Louis Philippe, were approved by that sagacious ruler, and finally deposited in a place of safety and oblivion, beneath the ministerial seal of the Chamber of Deputies.

As Haussmann remarks, "Despotism illegally performs great things, while liberty will not take the trouble to legally perform very small things." Napoleon III. is therefore entitled to the credit of having dared to execute what his predecessors were too venturesome to dream. After all, the end is not yet.

Many of the Mexicans favor both armies—the imperial and the republican. One week a man receives a notification that he has been drafted as one of Maximilian's soldiers, and immediately he sends a substitute. The next week a similar notification is sent to the same man by a republican officer, and the victim has to send another substitute. Many of the wealthy men have a representative in each army.

Phil C. Chase, of Lexington, Mass., died a few days ago, aged seventy-five years. For the last twenty-five years his daily diet has been three parts of milk and one of whiskey. He adopted that diet from conviction that solid food injured him.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Domestic Chores.

Busy, bustling times are coming upon us again. Days are swarming out, and many a busy farmer already slightly behindhand, watching them stretch out to their greatest June length. Don't talk now to us of ploughing, planting and sowing of eight hundred manures. We want time to do it in these bustling days. Wait till winter, and we will vote with you. Just now, please remember, we have to provide more for ourselves and families and stock, and you and your families besides, than we can possibly get along with by your eight-hour rule.

And let us bear in mind also, though we may, in our busy, forgetful, everlastingly important moment, that a practice of potatoes does not keep well in storage. It is really rather a pity.

If we cultivate our garden by hand, and plant potatoes in hills, put in an early York cabbage plant between the potato hills all through the patch. They won't interfere with each other's growth, and the hilling serves for both. As fast as the potatoes are dug for early use, put in cabbages in their place.

All along the rows of early peas are lettuce, radishes, and turnip roots—capital plants to grow in rows, sweet young hearts to pull tops and give good for crop, tender radishes, and good for the good by shading the rows near the ground where they first dry up—greatly promoting the bearing season.

With the early corn, plant early beans of the running strain, also, broad beans, snow ground, saves much hoeing, and land will do just as well as early beans the soil rich and in good condition. After early corn, potatoes, peas, and beans are off, put in cabbages and celery for fall and winter stock. Whenever cabbages begin to head up, suspend cultivation and sprinkle in among them radish, turnip and lettuce seed. If you get nothing direct from these last sown seeds, there will be considerable top to them before hard frosts set in, which rotting during the

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Golden Hair.

That ill-fated beauty, Beatrice de Cenci, was remarkable for her beautiful golden hair; and a golden lock that once glittered on the head of Lucretia Borgia now lies quietly among the treasures of the Vatican. Queen Catherine Parr's hair was of this rare and splendid hue; Mrs. Strickland, who possesses a ringlet taken from this Queen's head, after she had lain in her grave for more than two hundred years, describes it as exactly resembling threads of burnished gold; and singularly enough the daughter of Catherine's rival was rich in the same respect. Elizabeth was proud of her golden hair, and delighted to display it for the admiration of her courtiers. Of course, her hair declared it was red, not golden; and in a miniature of the time the painter has certainly lent color to the libel—as libel it undoubtedly was—for some half a dozen years ago a lock of the great Queen's hair was discovered in a copy of Sidney's "Arcadia" at Wilton. It had been presented to the chivalric poet by Elizabeth, and is described as soft, silky and wavy, of a beautiful golden-brown color, without a tinge of red, and still shining as though powdered with gold-dust.

A professor of magic was bragging pretty largely of his slight-of-hand feats in the public room of a hotel, after his performance was over. A gentleman present offered to bet him that he would make everything on the table disappear in less than a minute. The professor at once booked the wager, when the other turned off the gas. The disappearance was complete, and the professor confessed himself "sold."

STUDYING ENGLISH.—A Spanish gentleman studying English at Bridgeport, Connecticut, being at the tea-table, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue—in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment, and then said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me the language."

Dr. Livingston recently stated in a lecture that no less than forty missionaries succumbed to the deadly effects of the climate of Africa before a single conversion took place.

RECIPTS.

APARAGU SOUP.—After cutting the greatest part of the aparagu into pieces about an inch long, pulp the remainder and boil it in water until quite done; add some good stock to it and strain it. Boil the pieces separately and add them to the soup, and send up toasted bread with it if preferred.

APARAGU SOUP WITH GREEN PEA.—Make a good soup of vegetables with strong meat broth. Cut some middling-sized aparagu into pieces about an inch or two long, blanch them in boiling water, and afterwards throw them into cold. Let them drain, tie them into small bundles, and having split the tips, boil them with half a pint of green peas, which must have been also previously boiled separately. When thoroughly done together, pulp them, rubbing them through a sieve and mix the pulp with the vegetable soup, adding pieces of the aparagu to float in the soup. If the soup should not be of a good color it can be made green by mixing with it a little spinach that has been nearly boiled enough, squeezed dry and passed through a sieve.

VEAL SOUP WITH WHITE SAUCE.—In this case the bones must be removed at first, then seasoned with lemon-peel, pepper, salt, and nutmeg or mace (a single blade is enough); roll it up, and tie it with strong thread; put it down to stew in pale stock, and, before served, add a little cream, flour, butter, and the yolk of three eggs well beaten; let it warm up, and add some nutmeg and oil and stirred first in milk; serve the sauce over the real. Some put formalin inside the roll.

MIXED FOWL.—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl, and cut off all the white meat, which, since fowl, without any skin or bone, but put the bones, skin, and marrow into a stewpan with a little cream, flour, butter, and the yolk of three eggs well beaten; let it warm up, and add some nutmeg and oil and stirred first in milk; serve the sauce over the real. Some put formalin inside the roll.

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